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FRIDAY, JULY 25, 1913.

An Economic Necessity.

The removal of the duty on meats has become an economic necessity. The supply here is getting so scant and so high priced that contributions from the surplus of other countries should be welcomed. Our population is growing at the rate of about 20 per cent a decade, but our stock of food animals is declining. The Department of Agriculture estimates that in the last six years the number of beef cattle in the United States has fallen from 51,500,000 to 35,000,000. Protective duties and a steady increase in values have not stopped the decline, because the conditions under which cattle were raised cheaply and freely on Western ranges have passed away.

The United States will have to make the most of the resources of countries like Argentina, Uruguay, Paraguay, and Australia, where the country is still open. Anything that the government can do to turn those resources our way will be appreciated. It is, therefore, exceptionally pleasing to note that the Department of Agriculture has sent agents to Argentina and Australia to report upon the facilities there for furnishing this country with the much-needed fresh meat, thus showing its appreciation of a new opportunity for its usefulness.

Can He Come Back?

What has become of the happy-voiced young Mr. Allen, whose ambition to enter titled diplomacy was quickened into sprightly hopefulness by the heartening words of new-found friends, nourished into confidence by the invigorating atmosphere of a Senatorial junket, and then lulled into ignoble coma by the harsh tale-bearing of ruthless journalism?

Where is he? Washington liked him, and pitied, yea, sympathized with him in his distress. We would have word of him. A forward-going young American whose inexperience of governmental circles led him to indiscretion but cast not a shadow upon his honor, this young Mr. Allen ought to be given the opportunity to tell the tale of his "campaign" for an embassy. He should have a chance to narrate this memorable episode of his life more in detail than he could in a newspaper.

Since he told in a newspaper how he and the members of the Senate Military Affairs Committee coursed the majestic Hudson in his friend Astor's steam yacht, the happy-voiced Mr. Allen has been mute. Let him not be constrained longer to silence. If he is denied a mission to a foreign court, at least let him be a witness before a home-grown lobby probe.

One Commission that Was Needed.

New Jersey is one of the small States in area, and it is not in the first rank in population, but in the expense of its government it stands close to the head of the list. The economy and efficiency commission, which has been at work there, reports that New Jersey has about 50 per cent more officers and employes than other States of comparable size, such as Massachusetts, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan, and Tennessee, and it pays them from the Governor down larger salaries. The greater number of officers and employes is attributed to the fact that there the State does many things which elsewhere are done by municipalities.

The reason given is true as a statement of fact, but it does not satisfactorily explain the condition, since many New Jersey cities are as much overofficered in proportion as the State itself. The real reason for the conditions complained of is that during the years of machine rule the government was exploited for the purpose of giving employment to as many of the faithful as possible, and at the highest pay, and since then no government has had the courage to purge the State of these sinecures. An economy and efficiency commission has been sorely needed, and now that the State has one it is to be hoped that its findings will be acted upon with impartiality.

Under the impulse of a Progressive administration and the success of woman suffrage California reached the high water-mark in legislation this year, with 1,100 new laws and an addition of $3,000,000 to the annual cost of running the State government, but the particular feature was the creation of no less than thirty-one commissions, to cost at least $1,000,000.

In a lesser degree thirty-nine other Legislatures this year have established commissions, until the whole number runs far toward a thousand. Add to these the commissions appointed in the cities, and then on top of all put the recent commissions of Congress and its investigating committees.

In some instances good work is done by commissions, but it is a mistake to suppose that because members of commissions are not paid they cost nothing. With their expenses and various details of their work they cost more than the employment of competent persons at high salaries. Some of the commissions of Congress cost a half million dollars each. It is time to direct attention to the abuse of this fad. It began as an occasional venture, but now it seems to be a part of the legislative program to create as many commissions as possible.

The New Parcel Post Extension.

The Washington Herald has been and still is so warm an advocate of the parcel post system, which Congress was so long in establishing, that the extensions ordered in the carrying capacity of the new venture, after a trial of only six months, are doubly welcome, as the rates in the first and second zones also are to be reduced materially. The system certainly has worked well.

So quickly has the public taken to the new facilities offered it that the Postmaster General feels justified in predicting that within fifteen or twenty years the postoffice will be carrying packages weighing up to 100 pounds, and doing practically all the parcel business of the country. The Herald was long an advocate of the extension and modernization of the parcel post, and is delighted that its predictions as to the future of the service have been so quickly and fully verified.

Don't Belittle Our Navy.

The proposal now before Congress to abolish the rank of rear admiral and retire no one in the service at a higher grade than captain, the title of admiral being given to men while filling special assignments, can come only from men desirous of belittling the service. Its justification on the ground of economy is farcical.

While Congress is voting the pork barrel full of extravagant public buildings to please home pride and strengthen the fences of Congressmen, an attempt to curtail by reducing the honors and rewards earned by men in the navy and army would be unpatriotic. These men are rewarded but scantily for the devoted service they give the country.

Not only should the rank of rear admiral be retained, but that of vice admiral and admiral be restored in order that our flag in foreign waters may be represented in joint operations by as high a dignity as that of any other equal power.

A New Sing Sing at Last.

A bill making an appropriation of $125,000 for a new site for Sing Sing prison is before the New York Legislature, at the request of the State commission of new prisons. A failure to speedily pass it would be tantamount to a crime. Conditions at Sing Sing are such as to be a disgrace to the people of the whole country. But the State should not be content with merely making provision for the removal of the disgrace. Arrangements should be made which will insure the erection of a new prison at the earliest possible moment, for every day the horrible conditions at Sing Sing continue is an addition to the State's guilt.

The prison to be erected should not only be free from the shameful faults of the old, but should embody all that the best thought of prison experts has found desirable in a penal institution. It must be a place of punishment, but it must be a place where every possible chance is given for the humanizing of the inmates, for their improvement instead of their degradation, for the development of any good that there may be in them and not for their hopeless confirmation in evil. The New York Evening Post points out that the Great Meadow Prison now in use, though not yet completed, is an example of what can be done in this direction, and says that it is the hope of those who devote their lives to the subject of prison management that the new Sing Sing may be an improvement even upon that at Great Meadow.

Five years from now there won't be a dozen men in the country who can tell you who Mulhall was.

"Cri[illegible] in Mexico!" announces a headline. But it is the same old crisis; not a new one.

Jack Johnson, in Paris, says he will never again see the land of his birth. Said land is entitled to celebrate.

The next campaign may be marked by frankness, but it is dollars to doughnuts that it won't be frankless.

After this year, those fellows who claim to have hay fever when it is only a summer cold will be expected to pay the income tax.

You may say what you please, but Senator Smoot has a magnificent set of statisticians on his staff.

If the Democratic party can just reduce the cost of living without interfering with business and without reducing anybody's income, it will have plain sailing for the next half a century.

NOW TO LET THE CAT OUT

MILK DEALERS READY TO FIGHT

Local Men Discuss Campaign Against the Proposed Standardization.

RECEIVE NEW YORK PLAN

Meeting Is Held, but Definite Action Is Postponed Until a Later Date.

New York dairymen, leaders in the national campaign against the standardization of milk, have prepared a plan of action against health authorities who, they say, have discriminated in favor of the "milk trust." If the health authorities, national, State and city, are supported in their efforts to force dairies to sell only milk that is absolutely free from germ life, the dairymen claim that higher prices to the consumer will result, because it would be essential that the milk be treated by some process as expensive as that of pasteurization.

The plan was discussed at a meeting last night at the National Hotel of the Washington Milk Dealers' Association.

The plan has not yet been approved by the Washingtonians. It was expected that the meeting would be important, and many of the most influential members of the association failed to appear. A special meeting will be called to consider the plan.

The campaign suggested by the New York men is detailed, and was considered by Washington dealers to be complete. It is expected that the plan will be approved without opposition at the next meeting of the dairymen.

While the dairymen of this city have not yet adopted a definite course, they are not idle. They are prepared to fight any cases brought against independent dealers of this city. Henry E. Davis and Matthew E. O'Brien, prominent attorneys of Washington, are counsel for the dealers, and have fought in every way possible recent cases against dairymen.

A statement by an officer of the Milk Dealers' Association yesterday was to the effect that the dairymen will unite in defending any of their members who are charged with selling impure milk. Their contention is that there is no milk standard. Complaints against the quality of their milk will be asked to furnish analyses so that the extent of impurity will be learned.

Pasteurized milk, according to the dealers, is the only milk sold that meets the requirements of the department. This milk is used in most cases, they say, for invalids or small children. It is more expensive than the milk that has been sold by dairymen, and if the dealers are forced to furnish milk which has been pasteurized the consumers will suffer. They say that their milk is bottled in sanitary dairies, and is furnished by cows that have been tested by government authorities.

Maryland Man Arrested.

Herbert Carey, a Maryland dealer, was arrested yesterday by health inspectors of this city, and the dealers may make a test of his case.

Carey, it is said by the dealers, was arrested some time ago. He subsequently furnished milk to a big milk corporation, and was not troubled, it is stated. When he stopped furnishing milk to this corporation several days ago, the dealers say, he was rearrested and the quality of his milk was said again to have changed. The case was discussed by the dealers last night. They have not yet been advised just what charge will be made at Carey's trial in Police Court, so they did not prepare arguments for his defense.

Plans for reorganization of the association were postponed because of the slim attendance. It was planned also to elect officers, but the election may not be held for some weeks.

STORM DARKENS ITHACA.

Business Paralyzed in New York City by Electrical Disturbance.

Ithaca, July 24.—Business was paralyzed and the entire city deprived of light, power, and street car service this afternoon due to a severe electrical storm which swept over this section, blowing down the high-power wires feeding the city.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

VACATION VAGARIES.

Some like to hold a girlish hand
Where ripples swish.
Some think this pastime foolish, and
Prefer to fish.

Some like to snare a furtive kiss
From lips that pout.
Some seem to think it greater bliss
To get a trout.

Some like to flirt with a fair dove,
While others wish
To put a strict taboo on love
And sit and fish.

Asking Too Much.

"I'm sure to break the automobile."
"We'll repair it free for a year."
"And will you repair the things I run into?"

Avoiding Disappointment.

"Why not go to Bosco Beach? The place looks very, very good in the booklet."
"So good that I do not want to spoil the illusion by going there."

Hasty.

"You have been pottering there for hours and hours," said the bridegroom. "What is it you are trying to make?"
"Some hasty pudding," faltered the bride.

Just So.

Food prices now are rather stiff;
Our purses they deplete.
A man could save much money if
He didn't have to eat.

Mr. Henpeck at Home.

"Sah! Sah!"
"What's up?" inquired the visitor.
"Don't make any noise. My wife's canary wants to take a nap."

An Adage Revised.

"Children should be seen and not heard."
"Especially when consuming soup."

MUTINY RIFE IN SING SING

Nearly Half of Prisoners in State of Revolt Against Officials.

TROUBLE FEARED TODAY

Warden Blames "Outside Sources" for Riots and Incendiarism of Last Few Days.

Ossining, N. Y., July 24.—Nearly half of the 1,400 convicts in Sing Sing, among them the most desperate and irresponsible felons in the country, are in a wild state of mutiny, inspired, declares Warden Clancy, by "outside sources."

Warden Clancy has been warned that a wholesale jail delivery was planned for tomorrow morning when sixty-seven "second termers," among them the leaders in the mutiny, are to be taken to Auburn in chains.

This information came from the same man who forewarned him of the fire that was set this morning in the mattress room of the largest workshop and enabled him, through the timely discovery, to prevent the entire prison from being destroyed.

Though Warden Clancy is confident he has the prison situation well in hand, the people of Ossining and neighboring towns along the Hudson are in constant dread lest there be a mad break from the grim-walled prison.

So great became the fear after the keepers returned to their homes tonight and told of the bedlam that existed in the prison that the town folk appealed for protection.

At the request of Town Supervisor John F. Jenkins over 1,000 militiamen are in readiness to answer a riot call.

Warden Clancy, in anticipation of trouble tomorrow morning, when the second termers are to be entrained for Auburn, has summoned his entire force of ninety keepers and deputies to be on hand.

MOB MILITANTS, TORCH IN HAND

Glasgow Police Arrest Members of "Arson Squad" in Act of Firing House.

PREMIER IS ATTACKED

Riot Is Started in Halls of Commons When the Police Eject Two Suffragists.

Glasgow, July 24.—Charged with a sensational attempt to fire a large building belonging to the postoffice, two women were arrested here today. They are suffragists.

A charge was placed against the suffragists of attempting to blow up a large mansion now belonging to the postoffice, but which was formerly the property of Sir J. Muir.

Morley, Yorkshire, England, July 24.—Premier Asquith was again attacked by suffragists. While he was proceeding to the town hall to receive the honor of the freedom of the borough, a woman ran screaming to his automobile and threw a package after package of papers at the premier. The police rushed to the premier's rescue and after a struggle, the woman was arrested. She was Miss Hoy Jones, a well-known sympathizer for the cause.

London, July 24.—After a fierce fight, following their attempt to hold a meeting in the Central Lobby of the House of Commons, Mrs. Pethick Lawrence and Lady Sybil Smith, militant suffragists, were arrested this afternoon.

The riot followed an attempt of a deputation of suffragists in interview Premier Asquith, who was not in the house at the time. The deputation obtained access to the House of Commons unnoticed. When discovered, however, they were ejected, and in the riot which followed their expulsion the two women arrested.

Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, the suffragist leader, who was re-arrested during a fierce riot on Monday, and committed to Halloway jail, was released today. The militant leader had inaugurated another hunger strike.

AUTOIST TAKES INSIDE OF "ISLE OF SAFETY"

Refuses to Be Limited in Course by White Railing and Knocks Down Several Yards.

CRASH MAY BRING CHANGE

Bang! The isle of safety at Thirteenth Street and New York Avenue proved to be an isle of danger last night. It got in the way of some irritated automobilist and he tried to break it up.

The identity of the enraged gentleman who bucked the wooden fence that surrounds the isle of danger remains a deep mystery. The police are much interested in how it all happened, but their only clew is a good-sized path clean through the railing.

It is right at the southeast portion of the big circle that the crash occurred. The automobilist evidently found it impossible to pass through the roadway between the isle and the curb, and was forced to collide with the fence. About fifteen or twenty feet of the railing was knocked down.

The accident is expected to result in the Commissioners deciding to alter the isle so as to render it one of safety instead of danger. Automobilists have protested against its establishment because of the obvious danger.

Several other accidents have been only narrowly averted. It has been proposed to convert the circle into a triangle that would follow the prolonged curb lines of the various intersecting streets. The present circle extends far beyond these extended lines.

BILL NYE'S MOTHER

By FRED C. KELLY

Probably not one in a thousand of the admirers of Bill Nye knows that his mother, Eliza M. Nye—she from whom he got his sense of humor—is living in New York City.

She is nearly eighty-seven years old, but her mind, her humor sense, and her interest in everyday affairs are all as keen as they were when Edgar Wilson Nye—that is, Bill Nye—was a small boy.

Mrs. Nye is a quaint little white-haired woman, with bright, twinkling eyes, and, like most persons who keep up their interest in life, looks many years younger than she is. Every little while her point of view on things suggests Bill Nye. Those who know her well never wonder about where Bill Nye got his bubbling sense of humor. He got it unmistakably from his mother. She has always had it and in a similar vein—that is, she has always had a spontaneous way of seeing fun in the little everyday things. The main difference between Bill Nye's humor and that of his mother was that in the parent it was simply a quiet little trickling rill, but in the son it became a river.

Mrs. Nye is fond of all humorous literature. On the day I went to see her she had clipped out something by O. Henry from one of the papers, to paste in her scrapbook. However, she does not limit her literary interest to humorous stuff. As if for the purpose of getting a thorough contrast, she is extremely fond of Ibsen. Let us not pass over that too rapidly. Just think of the mother who gave Bill Nye his sense of humor reading Ibsen! And liking it!

Mrs. Nye says she cannot remember when Bill Nye—or Edgar, as she calls him—was not cracking jokes of his own brand. On one occasion when they were comfortably fixed in a new house they had built, some one was observing that it was time for mother to sit around and take it easy for a while.

"Yes, mother," said Edgar, "all you'll have to do now is just sit here and listen to the creak of the universe as it turns round."

"We used to think," says Bill Nye's mother, "that one of the best things Edgar ever got off in his youthful days was the remark about the horse. He was to drive a young girl to a little party one night and she was proverbially slow in getting ready. The horse he drove was a livery animal. It was a little aged and underfed, but it was the best he could get. He drove up in front of the house and waited an unusually long time for the girl to appear. When she finally did come she threw up her hands in horror at the sight of the horse and was free to say that she was ashamed to ride behind such a looking creature.

"'Why, my dear,' said Edgar, seriously, 'that horse was as fat as butter when I drove up.'

"Edgar and his older brother Frank used to have a great habit of losing farm implements, ropes, rakes, hoes, axes, and such things, and one day they mislaid the trace chains which were an important part of the horse's harness. They came and told me of the unfortunate affair and I insisted that they must tell their father, who was then some distance out in the field. Frank told Edgar that inasmuch as he was the older and had had more school advantages, he should be the one to do the talking. Edgar consented, reluctantly, and on the way over devoted himself to a serious mental rehearsal of his remarks. The thing that I remember about the confession was the way Edgar did not beat about the bush, but got right to the point. He said, as I learned a little afterward: 'Well, father, I know we have lost a great many things, to say nothing of the trace chains, but we have resolved to try to do better hereafter.'

"When we were living in Wisconsin, a steer strayed awhy one winter night and though the boys hunted it all the next day and off and on for a week or more, we never found it or even heard of it again. It was a great mystery what ever became of that steer. In a letter home about a year before his death, written in mid-ocean, and fully thirty years after the steer incident, Edgar said that he was about to make a trip around the world for a newspaper syndicate and write of his travels. 'I have always wanted to make this trip,' he went on to say, 'because it will be a great education in itself, and a rich source of good material, and then I have an idea that maybe I can get some trace of that steer.'

"You know, in one of Edgar's articles he tells how he used to get along well at school so long as he stood where he could get his toe in a certain knothole.

"'I could stick my big toe through a knothole in the floor and work out the most difficult problems,' he said. 'With my knothole I was safe; without it I would hesitate. A large red-headed boy, my rival, discovered that I was dependent upon that knothole. One night he stole into the schoolhouse and plugged it up. Then the red-headed boy, who had not formed the knothole habit, went to the head of the class, and remained there.'

"Now, when it came time for Edgar to apply for admission to the bar, he was examined in open court, and not having any knothole handy, the committee recommended that he study a little more and return at the next term of court for a further examination. Instead of being disheartened, he arose, and with great dignity addressed the court, inquiring:

"'May it please your honor, am I required to give bonds for my appearance, or am I released on my own recognizance?'"

Mrs. Nye has been in the habit of spending her time with members of her family in Minneapolis, Moorehead, Minn., and New York, but lately she has been staying in New York almost entirely. She was asked recently to tell the secret of her long life and good health, and her reply reminded one of Bill Nye himself. She said:

"I have always given rigid attention to keeping out of other people's affairs, have made it a point to eat just the plainer articles of food set before me, and I try to leave the table with a good appetite."

Another thing: Though a nice, quiet, little old-fashioned type of woman, Bill Nye's mother is a suffragist—not the militant kind, 'tis true, but, nevertheless, a suffragist.

London's First Charter.

The first charter of the city of London was granted by William I in the year 1079. This document, written in Saxon on parchment, is still preserved and reads as follows: "William, the king, greeteth William, the bishop, and Godfrey, the portreeve, and all the burgesses within London friendly. And I acquaint you that I will that ye be all there lawworthy as ye were in King Edward's days. And I will that every child be his father's heir after his father's days. And I will not suffer that any man do you any wrong. God preserve us." The "portreeve" referred to was the chief officer of London, the name signifying chief governor of a harbor. Afterward the chief officer was called provost, and in the reign of Henry II the Norman title of maire, soon afterward changed into mayor, was brought into use. The first London official to hold the title of mayor was Henry Fitz-Alwyn, who assumed the office in 1189, and continued to hold it twenty-four years. The prefix of "lord" was granted by Edward III in 1354.

RICHMOND, VA.

By GEORGE FITCH,
Author of "At Good Old Siwash."

Richmond is one of the most popular cities in the world.

This can be easily proved by the fact that half of a million men spent four years trying to get into it.

Richmond began life as the capital of Virginia, and in 1861 was promoted to be the capital of the Confederacy. This was fine advertising for Richmond. Much of the wear and tear of the arguments between the Union and Confederate cannon is still visible.

When Richmond emerged from the war it was the best-known city in the South. For many years it was content with this fame. Lately, however, Richmond has adopted a Chamber of Commerce, annexation, and other modern ideas. As a result it has grown to be a city of 120,000 people, and only sleeps at night.

Richmond was first thought of in 1645 and was laid out a hundred years later. It has many fine new buildings, but the Richmond citizen does not tow the gasping stranger down Main Street to look at the near-skyscrapers. He takes him to see the 125-year old Capitol building and the 175-year old St. John's Church, where Patrick Henry asked for death and had to be contented with liberty instead, and the cemetery where three Presidents are buried.

Richmond is so tightly stuffed with history that if it had its deserts it would be paved with brass tablets. Seven Presidents have gone into Richmond as boys to look at the big buildings, and four of them learned politics in its Legislatures. It is 101 per cent Southern in its customs, manners and thermometers, but socially it is very democratic. Any one whose ancestors for 300 years have been Virginia gentlemen can walk right in.

Richmond was originally built on seven hills, but has since annexed a much larger collection. It is on the James River, which is much more easily navigated now than it was during the civil war. It is now sprouting factory chimneys on every side, and establishes a new cigar shop or plug tobacco foundry every week. Having retired from history to a great extent it now proposes to enter business, and the society for the reservation of ancient and decrepit land marks is holding night sessions.

"Anyone whose ancestors for three hundred years have been Virginia gentlemen can walk right in."

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